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"JINGO JIM"—
And His Misfit Calculations.



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. JOHN SMITH, Central Labor Union:
Dear Sir.—I have a little communication from you, in answer to my last letter, which is very interesting, for it shows that you have completely misunderstood the drift of my remarks. But I shall have to let your communication lie over for a week or two, so that I may keep my promise and give you a few figures to show how a great union is managed in the interest of its members.

These figures are from the official statement of Typographical Union No. 6; and if you will be so good as to study them, you may have a clearer idea of why some people are anxious to organize and manage unions, and to order strikes.

It has not been easy to find out what these figures mean. Last year a committee was appointed to "itemize and investigate the entire financial accounts" of the union. It is the report of this committee that I have been studying. I do not know what the accounts were like before the committee itemized and investigated them; but I do know that they are a startling show now that the committee has got through with them. For free-and-easy arithmetic, and for small proportion of items to expenditures recorded, I have never seen anything to match them.

Please understand that I do not make charges of dishonesty against the managers of the union or against the men who drew up this report. If such a document came from business men—from an insurance company or a bank—I should say that it might well excite suspicion of official dishonesty. But, in this case, I am quite ready to believe that it shows nothing worse than carelessness, incompetence and bad judgement. Still, that is bad enough. Men who handle other people's money ought to know what they are about. They ought to be able to act with discretion and to keep correct and clear accounts.

I invite your attention to two divisions of this report. One is called "Strike Relief Account." The other is the "Committee Service and Strike Account." "The Strike Relief Account," according to the report, is "a complete statement of relief paid." Please fix that in your mind. The total relief for 1883 and 1884 was \$9,121.68. The other account foots up \$6,390.20. The Strike Relief Account represents money distributed among many hundreds of workmen and working-women. The committee service and strike account represents money paid to a few dozen committee-men.

Let us glance at an item or two, here and there, which may be of interest to you. In 1883, money was paid for relief at various times, from May to December, inclusive. The Committee Service and Strike Account begins earlier—on January 17th. Let us look at the

accounts of one sample committee-man. We will take—at random—Mr. Andrew Lamond. Payments to him were made as follows:

Jan. 20.	(Committee service),	\$6 00
Oct. 25.	(on acct. of strike),	6 00
" 26.	" "	25 00
" 27.	" "	7 00
" 29.	" "	5 00
" 30.	" "	5 00
Nov. 1.	" "	12 00
" 2.	" "	13 00
" 3.	" "	21 00
" 12.	" "	18 00
" 17.	" "	18 00
" 20.	" "	16 10
" 22.	" "	12 00
" 22.	" "	25 00
" 27.	" "	5 00
" 28.	" "	5 00
Dec. 3.	" "	5 00
" 4.	" "	5 00
" 12.	" "	5 00
" 13.	" "	5 00
" 15.	" "	18 00
		\$238 00

During the three last months of the year, when Mr. Lamond was helping his fellow-workman, he drew \$232 from the treasury of the union. Let us turn to the Strike Relief Account for those three months. We will look at a few items, taken from the committee's report, that show the amount of "relief" paid to the men on strike in some of the largest offices in the city. Remember that this is, according to the report, "a complete statement of relief paid." Here are three cases:

TO HANDS EMPLOYED AT	
<i>N. L. Munro's:</i>	
Thomas F. Blake.....	\$12 00
<i>Gillis Brothers':</i>	
Lewis Smith.....	7 00
<i>Wynkoop & Hallenbeck's:</i>	
George E. Taylor.....	24 00

These are simply examples. I cannot fully understand the committee's system of arithmetic; but the official statement is that \$5,233.95 sums up the "total strike payments for year '83." About 330 persons were relieved. This makes an average of less than \$16 apiece. And during this time one committee-man received \$232. And what for? We do not wish to question Mr. Andrew Lamond's honesty. No doubt he is a worthy and well-meaning man. But he is one of a few committee-men among whom the sum of \$3,624.35 was divided, in 1883. In the matter of receipts, he stands on the books as an average committee-man, so to speak; and that is why we have chosen him for an example. Why should he receive \$232 in a little over seven weeks, while in the same time necessitous strikers, who applied to the committee for aid, received on an average \$16 apiece?

For what was this money given? For expenses? What were the expenses of a committee-man? Did he dine at Delmonico's? Did he spend \$232.00 in car-fare, in seven weeks? He did not spend money for room-rent, or for janitor's fees, or for stationery, or for advertising, or for printing, or for banners—all these things are down in the "Miscellaneous" account. He did not spend it for the relief of the strikers—that relief is carefully recorded, every dollar.

But perhaps this money was not given to the committee-man for his necessary expenses. Perhaps, although he was serving his fellow-workmen, and trying to better their condition, he wanted to be paid for it, at more than \$30.00 a week. In fact, it appears, by the constitution and by-laws of the union, that committee-men are paid 50 cents an hour for their service.

Now, Mr. Smith, you know what committee-service means, during a strike. It consists mainly of talking; and most of it is done on the sidewalk, or in beer-saloons. It is easy work at fifty cents an hour. Almost any one would be willing to put in ten hours a day at that sort of

work. And ten hours a day would come to \$5.00 a day. It is not, as you may know, every printer who can make \$30.00 to \$35.00 a week, even at the highest rate of payment.

Perhaps, Mr. Smith, you begin to see how it is that it pays to be a committee-man when the committee-man is managing a strike. When Mr. Boyce, of the Third Avenue Railroad strikers, was arrested, last week, he had \$105.00 in his pocket. Had Mr. Boyce ever had \$105.00 in his pocket at any time before he became the manager of a strike, and whose \$105.00 did he have in that pocket?

You may ask why I make such inquiries. I reply: the report of the Investigating Committee gives me no information on the subject. This committee questioned certain managers of the strike, members of the general committee, and here is the general committee's answer: "No vouchers were taken for the expenditures, and if they had done so the committee would deem it unwise to have them made public."

I wish that I had the space to go further into this matter. The account for 1884 shows even a worse state of things. But I might cover ten pages of PUCK in showing, out of this very report, how much of the union's money was paid out, and how little of it went to the members who were on strike.

I repeat, I do not wish to question the honesty of Mr. Lamond, or of Mr. O'Donnell, or of Messrs. Hancock, Barbeau, Ferguson, Gillen and Quick. But I do question the propriety of the system under which thousands of dollars were given to these men, to be expended by them as they saw fit, and without any obligation to make an accounting. Such a system simply puts a premium on dishonesty and reckless extravagance. These men are the managers of a protective union, which exists, I understand, only to better the condition of its members. They are workmen, and friends of the workman. What their services cost the workman is set down in their own report.

Mr. Smith, will you go to any smart young business man out of a job, and ask him if he would not be glad to take the contract to run a three months' strike—his legitimate expenses being all paid—for \$3,300.00? There seems to me to be profit in the business.

Believe me, dear Mr. Smith, although I am not bidding for the job,

Your Friend,

PUCK.



PUCK ON
WHEELS
(No. VI.) for
the Summer
of 1886 is now

ready, and the man
who brings it on the
train will laugh all the
way home, if he doesn't
become so absorbed in
it that he is carried
miles beyond his destination.

And after
he arrives,
his wife will
take a look
at it, and be
thrown into
such a rapturous
ecstasy that she will forget
that she can't go to Mt.
Desert this summer, or
have a pony phaeton like
that of the woman next

door. And the little girl of the house, Effie Gwendolen, will look at all the pictures, and consider the book better than her latest wax-doll or Noah's Ark. She will laugh so hard that she will lose her first set of teeth, and when the nurse reads the coruscated jewels of wit to her, she will forget all about the Fourth of July. And this is all because PUCK ON WHEELS drives away dull care, and causes the blues to melt like the paper-collar on a fat man on a dog-day. Price twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of thirty cents.—Adv.

ANOTHER "SOCIETY" PICTURE.



Presented to our Dude Contemporaries. They May
Furnish the Caption. Any Caption will do. For Instance:
HE.— ?
SHE.— !

ARBITRATION IN JOURNALISM.

COL. DONTGIVEADAM JACKSON, the editor of the *Mississippi Trumpet*, sat in his chair coolly writing a blistering editorial, when there was a vigorous knocking at the door, and the angry man in search of a correction came in. The Colonel looked up with a sort of preoccupied astonishment, hurriedly tacked the words "liberty of the American people" to the sentence he was chaperoning through a tempestuous sea of adjectives, and turned expectantly to his chafing visitor. The latter, in a loud, peremptory tone, spoke as follows:

"This vile sheet has treated me shamefully, and I've come here to get a correction, or introduce you to one of the wildest tornados you

ever struck. It is time the scurrilous press of this state were rebuked, and I propose to rebuke it."

"What's the trouble now?" asked the Colonel, with the mildness of a Presbyterian elder.

"Matter the devil! You allude to me in this morning's issue as Jake Brown, 'who recently escaped from the Arkansaw penitentiary in order to run for Alderman in this city.' Now, did you write that?"

"Are you Mr. Brown?" asked the editor, with deferential interest.

"Yes, I am Brown," was the curt reply.

"Have a seat, Lieutenant."

"All right. Now, I want you to understand that you have got to correct that, or I'll take that bald-headed scalp of yours and use it as an advertisement in the campaign!"

The editor was absolutely unmoved. Not the slightest nervousness, not the faintest evidence of fear betrayed him. On the contrary, he fell into a musing mood, from which he finally aroused himself to say:

"I can't see the use of getting excited, my dear Captain. It's purely a matter of business."

"Of course it is, and that's what I mean by coming here."

"Well, Major, it seems to me you are a little sensitive on these matters. All candidates are likely to have unpleasant things said about them."

"Yes, I know; but hanged if it's agreeable!"

"Possibly not, Colonel; but if you edited a paper, you would see it in a different light."

"Well, perhaps I would; but don't you think you were rather rough on me?"

"It may be, my dear General, that we spoke with unseemly plainness. In the hurry of the moment things are written which are very painful to us the next morning. Amid the countless heart-aches of our profession, we are constantly tempted to depart from the straight line of milk-and-water conservatism."

"Well, I am perhaps taking up your time. I am delighted to have met you, and I thank you a great deal for your kindness. Good-day."

And then the Colonel smiled as he wiped a single drop of perspiration from his forehead, and resumed the immolation of another of his contemporaries.

WALKER KENNEDY.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."

HERR JAEHNE was an Alderman
As happy as could be;
He sold his vote to a man of note
For a twenty-thousand fee;
It brought him woe, as well you know;
Of troubles—a raging sea;
And now in a prison-cell he moans:
"What fools these mortals be!"

Herr Most was an arrant demagogue,
A cowardly cur was he;
He shouted: "Kill, ye hirelings; spill
The blood the rich and free!
Burn! torture, maim—be this your aim!"
Then under the bed shrunk he;
They dragged him forth and sent him north—
"What fools these mortals be!"

Herr Buddensiek was a builder-man,
A miserly man was he;
And castles fair in the balmy air
Of water and sand built he;
With a mighty crash these pillars of trash
All crumbled into *débris*—
For nothing a week works Buddensiek:
"What fools these mortals be!"

Herr Lintaber is a poet-man
As poor as poverty;
He writes his rhymes at the oddest times
And sells them for a fee;
But—such is luck—each check from PUCK
That comes to him over the sea
Bears on its face these words of grace—
"What fools these mortals be!"

E. FRANK LINTABER.

ASTONISHING.



PAT.—Be gob, ther wonderful instinct av thim burds, walkin' off wid half their shells fur umbrellas! They'll be usin' han'furf-chifs nixt.

BIG, BUT ECONOMICAL.



"There! You see, my dear, one hat answers for all three."

CURRENT COMMENT.

BUDDENSIEK IS NOW on his beam-ends.

THE JUNE LEMONADE is known by its strawberry-mark.

THIS is the time of the year when the angler doesn't spare the rod.

THE MEN who are most in need of situations just now are playwrights.

STRAWBERRY-BOXES probably need no cover because the bottom is so near the top.

THIS is the month that is more prolific than any other of poems in which "praises" is made to rhyme with "daisies."

THE ICE-CREAM season having arrived, the starch factories are putting on extra help and running to their fullest capacity.

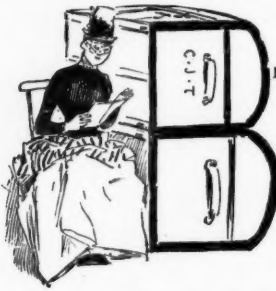
"OLD BLUE CHINA" is said to be getting very scarce in London, but skillful workmen in Paris are doing all they can to make good this sad deficiency.

IF THERE is nothing so good for a dog-bite as the hair of the dog that did the biting, why wouldn't sea-weed cure salt rheum, and snake-root D. T.?

THE RACE-COURSE MEN think that betting on races is perfectly proper while the church-fair grab-bag continues to turn in such large profits on small investments.

OUR GOVERNMENT, having attempted almost every conceivable means of exterminating the noble red man, is now trying to undermine his system with contract beef and provisions.

WE ARE told by the *Christian Union* that a cargo of Norway ice has just been imported to this country. The *Christian Union* wants to know why. We will tell it in a few words. It is because it may become a popular affectation to use imported ice. It is a well-known fact that Milwaukee beer is the favorite in New York, and New York beer the favorite in Milwaukee. Norway ice-cream may soon take the place of Neapolitan, and if the Norwegians can send ice here and undersell the native production, the American icemen will no doubt form themselves into a body similar to the American Copyright League.



HER SCHEME.

BEFORE long I shall be off for the summer. Oh, how I long for Apple-dore, Mt. Desert, Saratoga, and the White Mountains! Alas, my trunks are aired, and ready to be filled with the dresses made for me by Worth. It would take a catalogue two yards long to give you any idea of what is to go into those trunks. But I am not going to put any Huyler's candy in, and get it all mixed up with the clothing and cologne, as I did last year. If Charley can't send me a box of candy once a week, I suppose I must go without. I am longing for moonlight sails, drifts among the lilies, drives over the mountains, and quiet little picnics in the woods. I suppose I shall be criticized because I have but two trunks. But that will be plenty. I shall wear a different dress every night, just as a clergyman preaches a different sermon every Sunday. When the clergyman reaches the bot-

tom of the barrel, he has himself removed to a different field. So when I get to the bottom of my last trunk, I shall depart for a new district. I shall be mentioned in the society papers as having been at all the leading places, and that will help me to catch on next winter in New York, and no one will think that papa is a Cincinnati pork-packer come East with his shekels to get into Gotham's best society.

A NECESSARY DECEPTION.

DRUMMER (*examining some bags of coffee on the sidewalk*).—You surely don't charge thirty cents a pound for this common grade of coffee!

STOREKEEPER (*confidentially*).—Oh, no; we just mark it that way to keep from being robbed. You see, every man, woman and child who passes grabs a handful of coffee-beans to chew. They always steal the highest priced, so we have to impose upon them in order to protect ourselves.

THE BIGGEST thing on ice:
The price.

BENDING THE CRAB.

BENDING the crab is

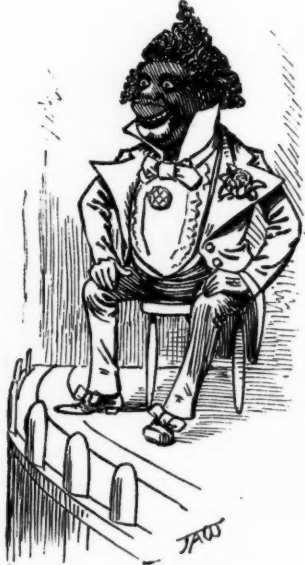
A favorite gymnastic performance with boys. A boy can walk further on all fours while bending the crab without seeing where he is going than he can on his feet alone, with his arms full of wood, and a clear, unclouded vision. While bending the crab, it annoys the small boy and fills his soul with anguish to have a companion steal up and slap him on the dinner with a shingle. It is strange how swiftly the crab-bender will come down to the ground on the performance of this operation. He will fairly collapse, or rather "pi" like a galley of type. He will also "pi" the companion who hit him with the shingle, if he can catch him. Bending the crab is one of the great raptures of boyhood. It is equal to standing on his hands against a fence, or reposing against the second story of a house in the sun on a pair of stilts.



THE LIFE OF A MINSTREL JOKE.



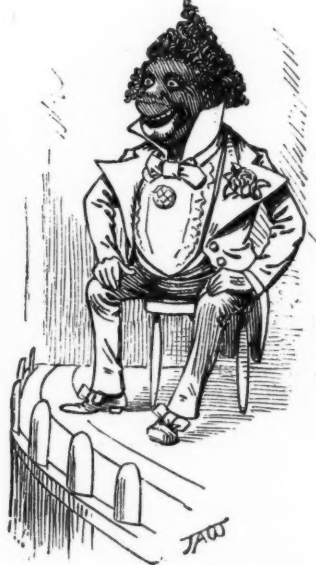
He heard it first in childhood's happy hour—



Again in age his mirth that quip awoke,



In all its primal, perfect, deathless power—



The good old Minstrel Joke.

DR. GALL'S

I.

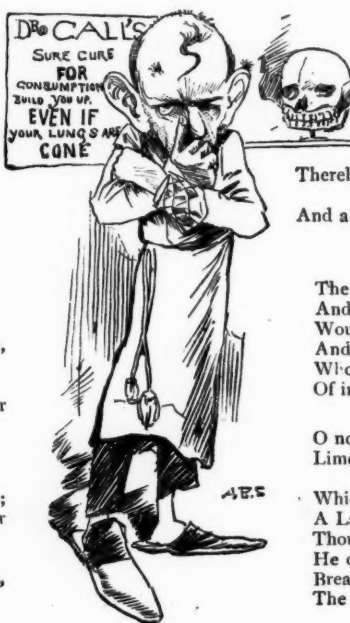
How marvelous are the mainsprings of existence!
How bountifully progress doth redound unto the poor practitioner!
The granite aqueduct which water brings from far-off fountains
Brings with it germs of fair disease worth unto me from five to fifty Dollars each, cold cash.

II.

The goodly missionary spreading light from house to house
(At a dollar a day and his expenses);
The hero-doctor braving epidemics in vile rookeries,
(At fifty cents a visit, payable in advance);
The prudential insurance agent gathering tearful dimes;
The frugal furniture-installment man teaching thrift and wisdom
To the unlettered (at five hundred per cent profit);
The noble patriot leading men to cast their suffrage in a noble cause,
And thence unto the nearest corner-grocery;
All these transport upon their clothes and persons gainful
Small-pox, fevers, scarlet and puerperal, and other ills, all more or less remunerative.

III.

The horse-car which gridirons all the avenues and payeth dividends;
The arachnoidal "L," destroying time and space, and bringing near
The weary toiler to the fragrant breweries and beer-gardens;
These all contribute to pathology and our purses
Railroad locomotorataxia, the driver's palsy, the conductor's epilepsy,
Railway ophthalmia, buffer-platform hemiplegia and throttle-valve paralysis.



SOLILOQUY.

IV.

The pious chemist glorifies the atom, and in the tiniest
Molecule finds evidence of Heaven; he also
Mixes glucose in our beer, lard in our butter, copper and
Prussian blue with tea-leaves, and vitriol with the lemonade
of church-fairs;

Thereby securing souls for Eden, bodies for Greenwood, a nobler
toxicology,
And a vast increase in technical terms and in professional emolument.

V.

The city, county and the state create great Boards of Health,
And so prevent the awful epidemics which may, might, can, could,
Would or should appear and decimate the land;
And thus afford a handsome livelihood to gentlemen of leisure
Who otherwise may, might, can, could, would or should have died
Of inanition.

VI.

O noble Art, which doth transmute plain mulligrubs to enteritis,
Lime-water into *Aqua Calc.*, and simple Saxon measures into
hieroglyphics,
Which utilizeth all the nastiest things, and makes a stench beneath
A Latin name smell sweet as Persian roses—
Thou art miraculous! An alchemist art thou, greater than Midas.
He changed to gold but inorganic things. But thou the viewless
Breath, the hectic flush, the trembling heart, the howling spree,
The swollen head and dismal stomach-ache convertest into cash.

W. E. S. FALES.



THE LEADING LADY.

HOW TO MAKE STEAK TENDER.

YOU WANT to know how to make steak tender, do you, Eulalie? Well, we are full of a ripe, golden experience on steak. If there's any one in all this wide, weeping world who has a full and perfect knowledge of steak, we are that person. We nearly choked to death on steak once, Eulalie. But hearken to the sweet, mellifluous piping of our gentle oboe. If you are keeping house and want to make your steak tender, buy a big seven-barreled revolver. Go around to the butcher's, and present the executive end of the gun at his head. Then address him in some such honeyed words as these:

"You miserable, swindling, bone-chopping scoundrel, if you send me any more such steak as that stuff you sent me yesterday morning, I'll blow you into the middle of Jersey City!"

That'll settle him, Eulalie. When he sees that your soft, womanly heart is not to be trifled with, he'll weaken, and send around the porter-house that you pay for.

But if you are boarding, Eulalie, and want to make the steak tender, you must pursue a very different plan. You cannot deal with the butcher, if you are boarding, so you must pay your attentions directly to the steak. When the steak is placed on the table before you, take it up gently on a fork and go up to your room with it. Place it on the plate of your sewing-machine, in the spot where you put your sewing. Then sit down firmly in a chair, Eulalie, and put your feet on the pedals of the machine. When you have done this, begin to operate the pedals. Operate as if the house was on fire. Keep it up for about two hours. See that you have a good stout needle in the machine, otherwise it might break off in the steak.

After you have kept this up for the time mentioned, you will find that you can cut the boarding-house steak quite easily with a steam circular-saw.

IT HAS just leaked out that Patti and Nicolini are to be married. Didn't we tell you so?



THE CHORUS.

THE HOME THEATRE.



THE ORCHESTRA.



THE PRIVATE BOX.



THE SINGING SOUBRETT.



THE CARPENTER.



THE SCENIC ARTIST.



THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

CONGRESSMAN STEWART, of Vermont, is in a state of mind because he has discovered that, "as the law now stands, there is nothing to prevent Massachusetts from becoming a polygamous state to-day so far as the Federal Constitution is concerned." If Massachusetts finds this out, and she probably will, there won't be unmarried women enough by the Fall to teach the country schools.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK, appointed Foreign Secretary of Germany, is only thirty-six years old. Just think! only thirty-six years old and holds that important office. We bet old man Bismarck will be proud when he hears of his son's appointment. But possibly he has already heard of it.

It is said that Matthew Arnold will revisit the same places during the next tour as he went over on the last. We have no particular friendship for Matthew, but we don't care to see the man hurt. Matthew, take our advice, and don't visit the same place twice.

A NEW YORK EDITOR says that General Wolseley ought to be sat down upon as "a dangerous fire-brand." In such a case, the sittee would likely get the better of the sitter.

GARLAND DID NOT attend the wedding. He could not bring himself down to a spike-tailed coat, and the entire State of Arkansas is in a lively and pleased condition of commotion.

WHEN SAM JONES uttered his Philippic against base-ball, it is thought that he had just witnessed a game played by the "Mets."

ANARCHISTS are not particularly honest, and yet we don't believe one of them would take a bath, even if it were left out over night.

YOU CAN MAKE bogus butter if you want to, but the government proposes to stand in with you for a part of the profits.



THE GASMAN.

PUCKERINGS.

A FLAT FAILURE—Bud-densiek.

YOUNG GIRLS and murderers like to skip the rope.

COURTNEY OPENED his season with a dead heat. It looks as if he might beat his record.

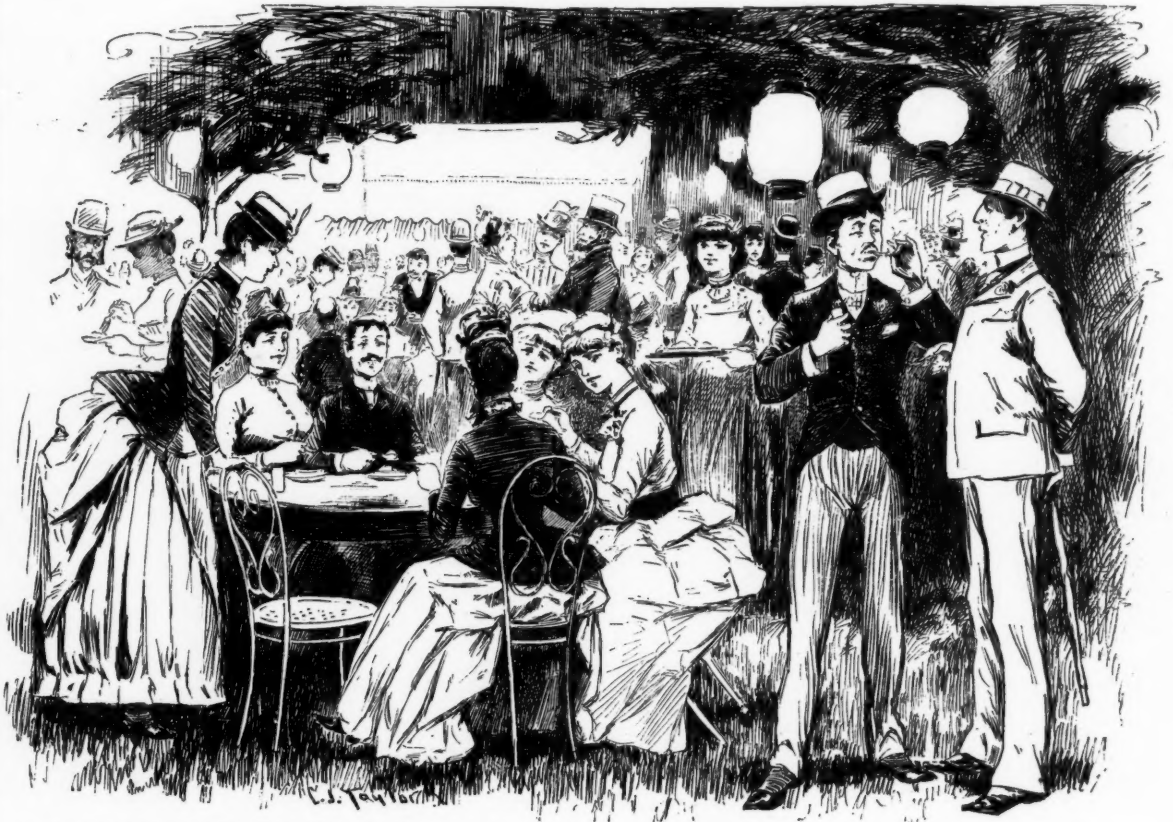
CONGRESS PROMISES to protect us against oilymargarine; but, alas! who will protect us against Congress?

MRS. PARAN STEVENS has sailed for Europe, but her name will still continue to appear daily in the American newspapers.

KANSAS CITY is to have a \$1,000,000 court-house; but she will never be able to live up to it until she gets rid of her base-ball club.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has returned to England. There is a rumor to the effect that she proposes to settle there and grow up with the country.

AT THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.



First Blast Youth.—Beats the Kirmess, this.

Second Blast Youth.—Ya-as. There you get the chills for a dollar-and-a-half; but here you can get the cholera morbus for a quarter. [Exit for liquid preventive.]

THE JUNE-BUG.

'T WAS a gentle June-bug. He sat on the edge of an open window of the church edifice.

"What is life?" quoth the preacher, in the words of a favorite hymn-ist: "'Tis but a vapor," he continued, to end the quotation.

"Alas, 'tis so!" sighed the June-bug: "and there is much for me to do. Summer has come. The heated term is upon us. Gas-bills are contracting. Sunday-school anniversaries are in the ascendancy. The preacher thinketh on his vacation. The congregation becometh somnolent. I must to work! I must to work!" And he clinched his claws in the wood-work while he mused.

"One hundred sleepy people, one far-away preacher, and ME. But I am strong and vigorous. I have toughness of limb and hardness of head. I shall arouse them. I shall keep them interested.

"One! Two! Three! Off!" shouted the June-bug, loosening his hold on the window-sill and unfurling his wings. Then with unerring aim he darted through the warm, light air, and struck against the shining pate of the oldest and most opulent church-member.

"'Tis harder than I thought," he moaned, as he missed his footing and slid half-stunned to the wealthy member's shoulder.

"His heart and head are one. But he openeth his eyes; one touch of my feet on his neck will send a shiver through his frame. He sleepeth no more this hour. Ay, I'm off, old man. You're but one drowsy-head!"

Then flew he in circles wide and broad through the building; gracefully he wound his devious way near the gas-jets. Now he would settle on the hoary bang of an ancient dame, again would he touch the blushing cheek of a giddy maiden. The mowed locks of a darling dude afforded a momentary resting-place. The broad back of solid respectability was a bulwark of strength.

Smothered shrieks followed the course of the June-bug. Rosy-lipped giggles awaited his alighting.

In five minutes the congregation was astir. And the preacher preached and rejoiced at the power of his words, for the June-bug he saw not at all. At last, with one long, low swoop, the June-bug dashed toward solid respectability.

"The deuce!" muttered the same to himself, and, rising in his pew, he whacked the June-bug with the broad leaf of a palm.

"Beware, beware, my friend; this is not the tennis-ground," groaned the June-bug. "Woe's me; you're too good at an overhand stroke."

Then the June-bug laid him down and died, and for a memorial of him they said: "He perished for humanity. He fulfilled his mission. He did what the preacher could not."

Preserve us from all such.

L. B. D.

E-S-Q.

I.
I WONDER what the letters mean!
I wonder if they show
That some are stationed high in life,
And some are standing low!
If yea, I wonder which they mark,
I cannot tell—can you?
Whether 'tis honor or disgrace
To be an E-s-q.!

II.
'Tis true that in the British land
They do a meaning own,
And note the faintest ray that 's shed
From the illustrious throne;
But, sending for a boot-black here,
I cannot tell—can you?
Why I should, would, could, ought to write:
"Sam Johnson, E-s-q."

III.
And writing to a man of parts,
Whose claims to honors flow
From mighty deeds or stirring words,
What do the letters show?
That they will lustre cast on him
I cannot think—can you?
We nothing add, though twice we write
Addendum: "E-s-q."

IV.
"But we must some distinctions make."
Most certainly, that 's right;
And just as easy for the blind
To tell the dark from light.
What Court shall pass upon the claims?
I would not dare—would you?
Say who shall bear the title MAN,
And who be E-s-q.

V.
I really wonder men of rank,
And men of genius, too,
Don't drop forever, and at once,
This senseless E-s-q.
See, gentlemen, we nameless folk
Are aping after you;
I marvel that you still will use
Plebeian E-s-q.

VI.
I'm no reformer; would not choose
To make myself a mark
For Custom's arrows, while her curs
In stupid chorus bark.
Follow the fashion, if you please—
It may be meet for you—
But let me shoot for better game
Than common E-s-q.

EDER ARIEL VANE.



HATCHING A BROOD.

THREE weeks ago I undertook the difficult task of putting an old hen to rest on thirteen choice eggs. If you have never tried to calm a flurried and experienced hen into submission on the nest, you don't want to lose this golden opportunity, now that summer is here, of finding out how weak and uncertain a creature you are.

I was prevailed upon to add a few choice fowls to my barn-yard equipment, and I purchased a setting of eggs from a fancier, who came highly recommended. I made a good substantial nest in a soap-box, placed it in the most secluded part of the barn, and, after arranging the eggs in a nice circle, attempted to induce the hen to believe that she was born for a purpose. I was told always to start a hen at night, as at that time she is stupid and takes to the task unconsciously.

Profiting by this advice, I wended my way to the barn with a candle in one hand and a hen in the other, and, as already stated, I undertook to press her into the service. She first eyed the eggs with great interest, then gazed at me long and seriously, and began pecking at the eggs. I tried to coax her into closing down upon them, and pressed her back gently until she began to succumb to the caress.

Some evil thought must have taken possession of her very suddenly, for she rose up, and, with a wild shriek, began flapping her wings until the candle was put out and I was left in total darkness. I took fifteen minutes or more and used it up in reflection. Then I attempted to find the door. But I couldn't. I hadn't a stray match in my vest, and I groped around until I felt upon my brow the soft, warm breath of our brindled cow.

I was about preparing to be bucked into a quick eternity, when I heard a welcome voice float out upon the silent landscape.

"Say, John, what on earth are you doing out there? Why don't you come in? I'm afraid to stay here all alone."

"So am I," I replied: "bring me a match; the confounded biddy flapped her wings and put out the candle; I'm chock-a-block in the cow-stall, and can't find my way out!"

That match didn't come a moment too soon; in fact, it was a minute late, as the cow, in her efforts to scratch her back with her horns, threw her nose against me, just under my chin, and I stood there disconsolate and careworn.

When that candle once more shed its welcome flood of light about me, my only thought was for the hen. She, doubtless, was not half so interested in me, because her gentle spirit was lost in slumber as she sat on the edge of the nest with her head hidden beneath her wing.

At the meeting which was held on the spot

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD NEVER GETS LEFT.



MEMBER OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE (to clerk).—When did we have the last tie-up, Jones?

JONES.—Just ten days ago.

MEMBER.—We'll order another. These corporation ducks must understand that the Executive Board still lives.

it was decided to allow her to remain untouched that night, in the hope that a daylight reflection would calm her prejudice. I was glad that I overruled my personal objections on this point, and allowed Nature to prevail, for, surely enough, she took to the nest, and for three long weeks guarded it with jealous care, and I was pleased to be informed, one night on reaching home, that the hatch was a success.

It did not take me more than two days to advise my neighbors of the result of my new departure in fancy chickens; but I am sorry to say now that some people can't pass me by unless they invent some excuse to ask how my Houdin fowls are getting on. This is because the chicken-fancier sold me Guinea-fowls' eggs for Houdin chickens, and I didn't know the difference until I was told of it by a man whom I had invited in, out of pure cussedness, to see a strain of fowls which was to eclipse anything in the town.

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

NO MATTER how hot the weather becomes, the furrier's advertisement still appears in the papers. The old bear, standing on his hind-legs and holding a pole, flanked by Exposition medals, looks as merry as ever. You can sell furs in midsummer, and straw hats in the dead of winter, if you will only advertise.

RANDOM REMARKS.

MAXWELL-BROOKS threatened to lecture as soon as he was liberated, so the jury promptly convicted him.

THE FIRST Buddensiek on record is the man mentioned in the Bible who built or builded his house on sand.

THE INTERVIEWS with Walker Blaine have begun. He is a little anchor that the old gentleman is casting to windward.

IF DIXEY should get a partner of the name of Mason, he would do better in England. Mason and Dixey's "Adonis" would take.

THE LATEST REPORT is that the Hon. John L. Sullivan is coming to New York to live. First Howells, and then Sullivan. Poor old Boston!

WE LEARN from our esteemed contemporary, the *Mail and Express*, that Cyrus W. Field has sailed for England. *Bon voyage*, Cyrus! Look out for sharks.

THE HISTORY of the recent riot in Ireland over the defeat of the Home-Rule bill, which led to the demolition of gin-mills and the intoxication of the rioters, will be read with watering mouths and eyes by every Socialist and Anarchist in this broad land.

ASPARAGUS is now eaten with a pair of tongs. Not fire-tongs, but cute little silver tongs. The asparagus looks a little bit ashamed of itself, but it tastes the same.

ALMOST EVERY PAPER we pick up contains some allusion to the Parnell Fund. The strangest thing about the Parnell Fund is that it has existed so long without being decamped with.

BLAINE HAS succeeded in having his candidate for Governor of Maine, Bodwell, nominated. It is said that this candidate was formerly a farm-hand, working for six dollars per month, though now a rich man. It will thus be seen how profitable it is to be an all-round Blainiac.

IT is a great pity that the Home-Rule bill did not pass. People who know how funny France is when governing herself as a republic may be able to form some idea of what Ireland would be if managed by herself. Englishmen would go over and learn how to laugh and learn to appreciate genuine humor. All the grotesqueness of "Puck's History of Ireland" would become solid fact and reality, and that volume would go booming down the future as a standard historical work beside "Macaulay's England" and "Gibbons's Roman Empire."

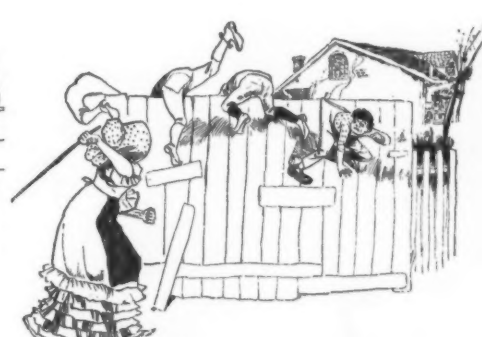
POETICAL JUSTICE.



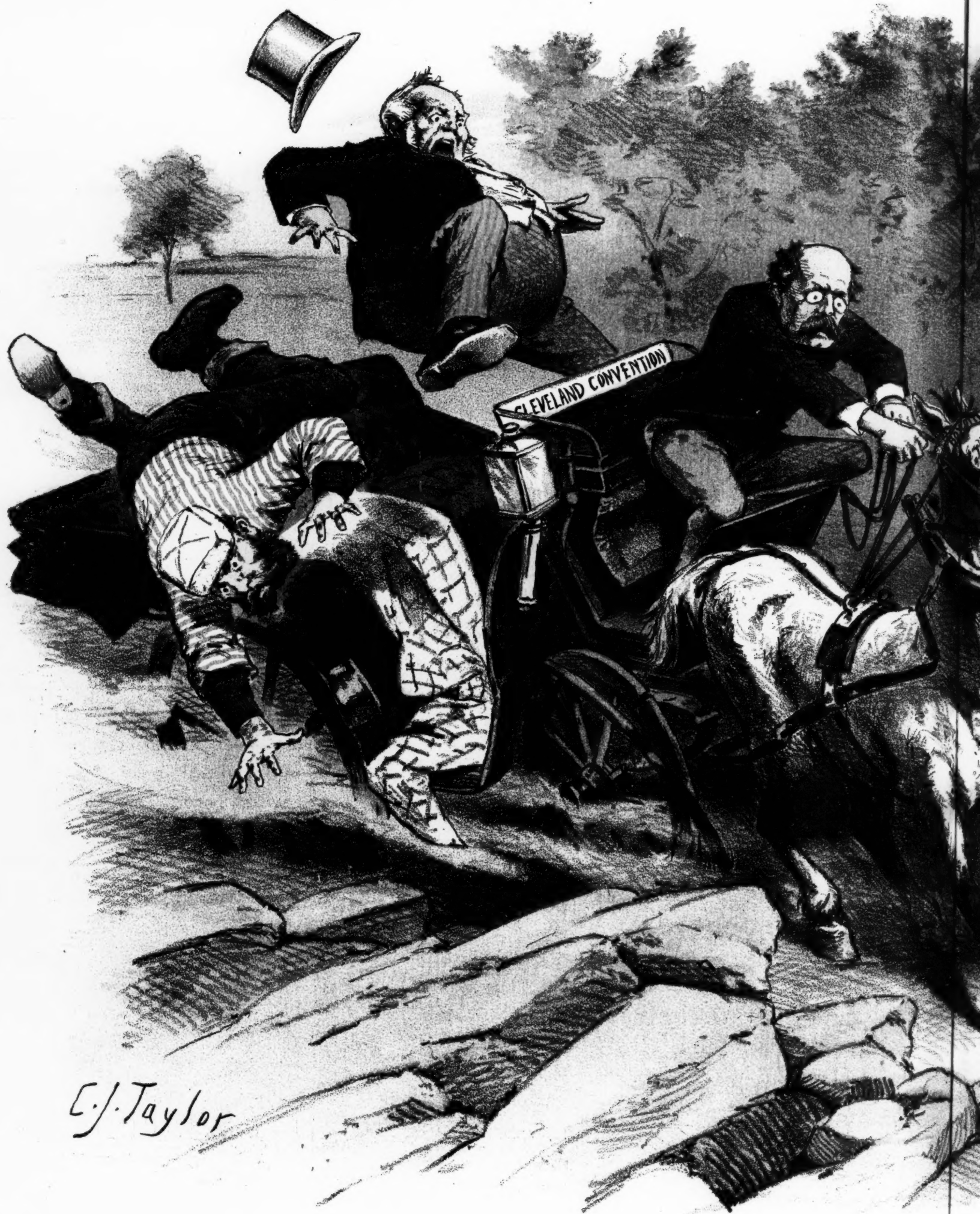
The Boys had a Wicked Scheme.



They Carried It Out.



But There Were Two Sides to the Fence, and the Old Lady Got There, All the Same.



AN UPSET FOR BOTH CAPITAL AND LABOR.—MR. POW

PUCK.



MR. POWDERLY UNDERTAKES A JOB BEYOND HIS POWERS.

THE POET'S MONTH.

JUNE is called the poet's month. It is said to come tripping along gracefully over a carpet of violets, with wild-flowers in its hair and daisies twined about its polonaise. Mr. Lowell wants to know what is so rare as a day in June. We should say two days in June, just as the man who was asked what made more noise than a pig under a gate replied "Two pigs."

But June is not entirely owned by the poet, who is lucky if he owns a summer suit. It is a month in which the iceman and the strawberry-vender also have an interest, to say nothing of the country hotel-keeper.

It is the month when the Coney Island beer-jerker practises drawing water from a beer-keg to improve his hand. At first he can get but two hundred glasses out of it; but after a while he can make the keg yield two hundred and fifty. He is also practising the great trick of legerdemain, that will enable him to give customers ten-cent and fifteen-cent whiskey out of the same bottle.

June is the month when the hops blow in the beer-garden, and the keeper of the same works off the surrounding ailanthus leaves on his customers for a new kind of Bavarian salad. It is the time when the said keeper of the "Garten-wirtschaft" folds his hands complacently over his stomach, fills his old "Weinhandlungs" with bracing air, and looks out across the free lunch counter with the dreamy expression of the turtle who stands on the hind end of his shell and lets his legs hang over, while a placard tells the day on which he will be served up.

June is likewise the initial month of the lawn-tennis. On these afternoons he hies him out on an early train, and plays until dark with some lissom and debonair damosel who is one of a love set, and more intent on getting a husband than anything else.

And it is likewise the month when the farsighted old merchant employs a detective to shadow the sick clerks and those with dead aunts, and see if they are at the Polo-Grounds looking at a base-ball match.

June the month of the poet, eh? It is also the month of the soda-water fountaineer, and the young pedestrian with the tennis-racket under his arm. It is the month when the line-ball knocks more milk out of the cow in the

centre-field than you could get out of her with a boarding-house milk-maid and a writ of *certiorari*.

It is the month when the bathing-suit swings by a cord over the sidewalk, and hits some man who can't get away from the city across the face to remind him of his poverty. It is also the time that the physician who has been engaged to look out for the guests of an Asbury Park hotel figures up how much he can make by giving prescriptions for morning cocktails.

And it is likewise the time, gentle reader, when the city has bands of music play in the public parks, as a means of getting even with the Anarchists who sleep on the benches, and howl against capital and good government.

It is the month when the fisherman begins to lose fifteen-pounders, and catch three-ouncers. It is the time when the rattle of the lawnmower is heard far and near. It is the time when the enterprising patent-medicine company gets up regattas and prize-fights as advertisements. It is the time when the daily paper feels the importance of the national game to the extent of printing the standing of the clubs of the various leagues in their race for the championship every few days. It is the time when Bryant's poem on "June" is sent the rounds of the press, as well as the time when the newspaper poet rhymes "June" with "tune," and the amateur artist goes forth and paints a lot of bob-veal pictures, which he afterwards calls "Twilight," "Sunset," etc.

June the month of the poet, eh? It is just as much the month of the sidewalk lemonade peddler, the potato-bug, the tumble-ditto, the amateur gardener, the gauze undershirt, PUCK on WHEELS, and the special PUCK train for Saratoga and all other parts of the civilized world.

SO IT WAS.



MRS. GEOGHEGAN (*who has just made the fire*).—Be dad, but that sounds very much loike our ould tom-cat's voice. I wondher what divilmint he has been up to now.

[Exit, shouting "Puss, puss," etc.]

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

MR. HOLMAN will shortly introduce a bill providing for a reduction in the amount appropriated for mucilage. He claims that there is enough mucilage on one postage-stamp to answer for two.

"MRS. H. C. HANCHETT" will be Charles Egbert Craddock's name after marriage.—*Albany Evening Journal*. Not very much. Mr. H. C. Hanchett will be "the husband of Miss Murfree."

LORD SALISBURY is very much offended at the remarks of Mr. Blaine, or at least he will be when he hears of them. Let us hope he will never hear of them.

HERR MOST doesn't mind a year's imprisonment; he is used to it. But that fine is terrible. Five hundred dollars will buy ten thousand glasses of beer.

IT COST the State of Missouri six thousand dollars to try Maxwell. But St. Louis alone got that much worth of advertising in the newspapers.

A FOUL TIP—Getting a Pointer on the Wrong Horse.

"HELLO, CENTRAL!"



INSPECTOR BYRNES, Inspector Byrnes,
You've done the city a many good turns—
The Anarchist red
From under the bed
You gracefully yank, Inspector Byrnes.

Inspector Byrnes, Inspector Byrnes,
The only money an Alderman earns
Is when at Sing Sing
He tries a new "wing"—
At the job you got him, Inspector Byrnes.

Inspector Byrnes, Inspector Byrnes,
You can probably manage your own concerns—
So we'll only say,
In a general way,
Here's luck to your handcuffs, Inspector Byrnes!

CURRENT COMMENT.

"WHAT PRODUCES a feeling of prostration in the spring?" asks a correspondent. Bock-beer will do it.

THE PHILADELPHIA *News* doesn't help the Mt. Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, much when it states that "it is noted as a hay-fever resort."

THERE IS no big Injun about the Metropolitans. They are very little Indians, and they are ironically called Indians because they never take a scalp.

IN READING accounts of the Home-Rule business, we notice frequent allusions to government whips. We think the best use the said government whips could be applied to would be the backs of the Orange rioters.

THE BROOKLYN *Eagle* calls the recent tie-up in New York and Brooklyn "the experiment of a tourniquet on the arteries of intraurban travel." It doesn't seem possible that such things can be tolerated in this enlightened nineteenth century.

AFTER ALL, Sullivan is not at present coming to New York to start a hotel. Boston will not let him go, as she prizes him too highly. He will probably be offered the chair of clinical athletics at Harvard as an inducement to stick to the modern Athens.

OLD FOLK'S FASHIONS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



DOLLY.—I haven't been consulted about this!

OUR YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER.

(Conducted by Aunt Louise.)

SWALLOW-TAIL AGENCY, Dakota.

Dear St. Christopher:

Papa is an Indian Agent out here; you know what that means. We don't see much of the "red devils," except when we peep through a fence with the soldiers. We ought to give them the blankets the U. S. sends, but mama cuts them up for uniforms for papa. If you make money enough to come out here on a cattle-train, we will show you lots of Indians who will say "how-de-do" just like the dude captain, and ask you to "set'em up." This is Indian for drink. They used to put whiskey-bottles on the graves, but the soldiers stole them. So they only put empty ones there now, and that's why the soldiers shoot them.

Affectionately,

BESSIE and Jo S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

My dear St. Christopher:

I have been in Washington this week reviewing the present effete government. You should say "Republican simplicity," and not the other thing. Papa wrote this and told me to copy it off and to send it to you for you to paste in your hat.

Papa swears Mr. Logan has negro and Irish blood in his veins; and mama says this is to catch votes. Good-by.

JAMES G. BLANE, jr.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.

My dear Sir or Madam.

I am the father of seventeen children and four wives (husband to the latter family), being a Mormon. I write you this for the sake of my children, knowing what an interest you take in such.

When my first and third go out visiting, my second and fourth (the second was mother-in-law, or something like that, to the third before marriage) evince a disposition to do likewise. I have been obliged to lock them in my room to prevent this. But they howl so that my children are frightened to death. What remedy can I apply?

Respectfully, Madam or Sir,

JUDAH YOUNG.

[We read the above with cold disdain, and look with tearful eyes toward the stuffed bird of freedom above the dry-goods box on which we are writing. But woman should plead for woman. When the first (A) says to the third (C) that the fourth (D) is jealous of the second (B), you should drop A over the baluster and

break her neck; then tell A, or rather B, to tell C that B—we mean D—oh, fix it yourself.—AUNT LOUISE.]

SEVEN-UP GULCH, Col.

Dear Chris.:

Such a funny thing happened here yesterday that I want your young friends to read about it. Papa shot the editor of our paper while playing cards. The jury acquitted papa because, while both held four aces, papa was dealing, and out here mistakes count in favor of the dealer. Mama feels very bad, of course, for papa had to shoot twice.

I can ask for more sugar in three languages—English, American and the Gulch dialect.

With love,

KARRIE FARRINGTON.

NEW YORK.

My Dear St. Christopher:

I read a story in your last number about a goat that could climb a tree. We have a parrot that can talk. The other day he cried out: "Georgie, squeeze my hand." Papa's name is Georgie. Mama was awful angry; but Papa said she had taught her kenicky bird to take the spare change out of his pocket at night, and ought to call things square. Mama has relented, and hasn't hit papa with the stove since last Friday.

Your constant reader,

"BUSY-BEE."

[We have received others too late for insertion.]

DEWITT STERRY.

IN LOOKING OVER a list of summer-resorts, we find that New Hampshire has a Flume House. This leads us to imagine that the guest who has a room on the floor next to the sky will, metaphorically, go up the Flume when he retires at night.

SENATORS INTERESTED in the oilymargarine bill in the House of Representatives speak of the compound as the "poor man's butter." This may be correct, but experience shows that the poor man always pays the highest price for butter, whether it be genuine or bogus.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

AUSTIN DOBSON, in a "Literary Ramble" in the June *Century*, tells us of Swift, Steele, Horace Beanpole and others; but says nothing about the free lunches, or luncheons, if you will, that it took in, or rather included.

Among its puzzles *Good Cheer* has a "Literary Enigma." The greatest literary enigma we know of is Will Carleton, with the possible exception of E. P. Roe.

The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently criticized a novelist for once using a technical term relating to English prisons. The editor should recollect that all writers have not had as good opportunities for obtaining information regarding prisons as he has, and he should be more generous. Because a man happens to be more fortunate than others, he should not allow himself to be puffed up with vanity.

We have just received from Messrs D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, the May issue of "Through the Year with the Poets," edited by Oscar Fay Adams. If you have ever stood under a dried apple-tree plucking blossoms and getting about half of the recent shower down your neck; if you have ever fallen into a day-dream, and had some friend pull you out with an exiled Pole; if you have ever swung between two blooming axle-trees in a hammock; if you have ever seen the lambkin gambol over the dandelion-flecked mead to escape the fangs of the playful bull-terrier; if you have ever presented the sweet-scented blush-rose to Araminta, and told her you envied it its heavenly fate of expiring in her false hair; if you have ever chased butterflies, bees or small boys out of the orchard—then you will appreciate this rosary of May jewels. It is like eating a rain-soaked, tough apple, or getting a half-holiday to see a base-ball match. All the boys, from Clinton Shakspeare to William Scollard, have worn their rose-wreathed, myrtle-trimmed bangs for all they are worth.

A local poet is authority for the statement, "Summer is here." If any man in this city has summer in his possession, and fails to make it public, he ought to be severely dealt with. This is a subject the people will admit of no fooling with.

An exchange alludes to the death of "an old man, aged one hundred and five years." It would be interesting to hear of a young man's dying at the age of one hundred and five.

Clinton Scollard has a poem in the *Southern Bivouac* for June called "Down the Ochlawaha." We do, Mr. Scollard, we do; we always down the Ochlawaha, that delicious German soup, which is in every respect the peer of Mulligatawny.

A book of three hundred pages has been written on "Food and Food Adulterations." The first twenty-five pages are devoted to food and the rest to adulterations.

The *Youth's Companion* prints a poem called "Spring's Mystery." It bears the appropriate signature M. U. D.

JUST AS OF YORE.



When he was a boy, he had to do all his smoking behind the barn, for fear of his father.



Since he is married, he has to do all his smoking behind the barn, because his wife won't allow him to smoke anywhere else on the premises.

Fred:

Brown's

Ginger

Will Cure

Cramps

and Colic.



DO YOU SHAVE YOURSELF?

Travelers, or those who shave at home are invited to try Williams' Shaving Stick. An exquisite soap producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case covered with leatherette. OBTAIN IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST, OR SEND 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., 529 N.Y. FOR 50 YEARS OF "GENUINE YANKEE" SOAP.



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YESTERDAY.

Said our bright-eyed boy, with hair of gold,
"I'll be a bachelor when I'm old,
And always stay with mama and you,
As sure as sure, and as true as true;"
But he fell a prey to Cupid's dart,
For tiny Bess stole his tiny heart.
Next day he announced, with solemn air,
"He loved dear Bessie, he did, so there—
Bessie was pretty, Bessie was good—
He'd marry Bessie—yes, he would."
Reminded of what he had said before,
He pondered a moment the problem o'er,
Then softly said, in his bashful way,
"I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

O boy of mine, 'tis vain to plan
"I'll be a bachelor when a man."
Some fairy creature with golden hair
And sweet blue eyes like your mother's there,
With rippling laugh, like the song of bird,
Or voice the sweetest we ever heard,
Makes us forget the word long spoken;
Half unconscious their spell is broken,
And then, like you, we simply say:
"I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

—Unknown Poet, in Unknown Exchange.

ABOUT this season of the year the fair maiden begins to write an essay on "The Beauty of Humility" for the graduation exercises, and during its preparation finds great difficulty in concentrating her thoughts, in consequence of the ever recurring question as to what kind of dress she shall wear to outshine her classmates on that red-letter occasion.—*Boston Courier.*

POLICEMAN.—Have you a permit to play here?

ORGAN-GRINDER.—No, but it amuses the little ones so much.

POLICEMAN.—Then you will have the goodness to accompany me.

Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A MASSACHUSETTS paper advocates teaching boys in school to sew. Well, we don't care. In the natural course of events we shall be dead by the time the present generation of boys would be available as material for jokes about bachelors who can't sew on buttons.—*Buffalo Express.*

It is entirely unfair for a man to sneer at a woman's inability to understand a base-ball game until he has proven his own ability to grapple with the mysteries of a crazy-quilt social.—*Fall River Advance.*

When making your preparations for an Ocean Trip, do not forget your **Angostura Eitters**, the infallible remedy against Seasickness.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE
Are Communicated to the Mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

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"JOHN," inquired the counsel of the witness, at the same time casting a facetious glance at the jury: "when you Chinamen take your celestial oath in court, what is done with the chicken after its head is cut off?" "Some lawyeer glet him," replied the witness.—*New York Sun.*

DER landlord of der vessel, he say dot there vas a big hole in der bow of der boat, und dat vasser comed in. I told him to cut a hole in der shtern and let der vasser go out.—*National Weekly.*

At this season of the year a man who can't carry a hoe-handle a hundred yards can lug a fishing-rod twenty miles. The rod is so much lighter, you know.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A young actress writes her name "Katharyne Kydder." Thys looks kynd o' queer; but yt ys nobody's business yf she lykes yt that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

A CANDIDATE for office rode up to a house in Gilead and asked for the head of the family. "He's down in the field," said the latter's wife: "burying our dog."

"What killed the dog?" asked the office-seeker.

"He killed himself barking at candidates." The candidate rode away.—*Chicago News.*

THE United States war-vessel *Brooklyn*, now at New York, has been ordered to proceed to the Asiatic Station. She will be safer at the Asiatic Station. The danger of "colliding" with a canal-boat is not so great there.—*Norristown Herald.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is having so many degrees conferred upon him by English institutions of learning and culture, that it is thought he will either have to leave some of them behind him when he sails for home or ship them as freight.—*Norristown Herald.*

PEARS' SOAP

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GOOD COMPLEXION.

SOFT, WHITE BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

PEARS' SOAP PREVENTS REDNESS, ROUGHNESS & CHAPPING.

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THE PUREST & MOST DURABLE TOILET SOAP.
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PEARS' Soap is For Sale Everywhere.

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Well Pleased.

Dr. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

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GRAND DISPLAY OF SUMMER SUITINGS.

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SUITS to measure from..... \$20.00
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INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 30 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau street, New York. 440



FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BACKACHE, Uterine Pains, Soreness and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 25 cents.

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BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.

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HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.

Packages 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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The highly Celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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IF YOU ARE MARRIED, or contemplate taking this important step, we can send you information which you ought to know, and worth \$100. Valuable 16-page circular mailed free, by J. S. OULVIE, 31 Rose Street, New York.

THE HUMORIST.

He writes of all beneath the sun;
Of everything in earth and air,
He spins his screed of mirth and fun;
The plumber always gets his share;
He jests at what we eat and wear,
And cracks his jokes in merry glee,
He helps to drive away dull care,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree!

He strikes at follies, every one—
The lover and the maiden fair;
The father and the infant son,
The shining pates, the heads of hair,
His satire have they all to bear;
He's restless as the busy bee,
And hunts the iceman to his lair,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree!

No end of columns has he spun,
And there is naught he does not dare;
He spills his ink and mindeth none—
No, not a mortal does he spare—
The irate parent's boding glare,
The rounder on his mighty spree,
The youth who by the moon doth swear,
All 'neath the spreading chestnut-tree!

ENVOI.

What hath this funny man not done?
What is there that he does not see,
In hoary jest or aged pun,
Beneath the spreading chestnut-tree?

—Tid-Bits.

PROF. DOREMUS ON

TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



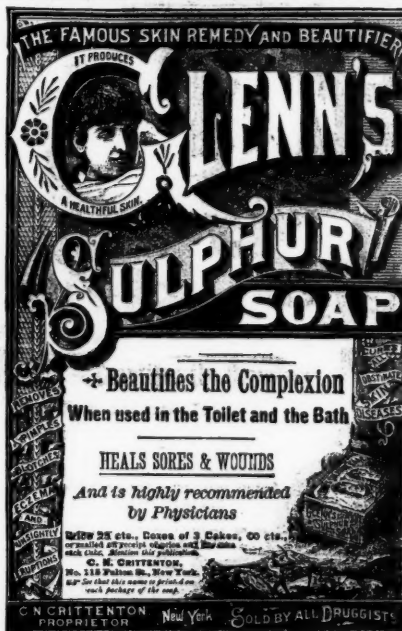
Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

HAIR REVIVUM

NOT A DYE.

The Crowning Glory
of Man and Woman is
a beautiful head of
Hair.

HILL'S WHISKER DYE IS THE BEST EVER INVENTED. ONLY 50c.



PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS, CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

HEART DISEASE AND PAINS.

Any functional disease of the heart, usually called Heart Disease, readily yields to the use of

DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR,

which is sold at \$1 a bottle by all Druggists. Be sure to get the genuine.—Pamphlet Free.

Address, DR. GRAVES, 115 Fulton Street, New York.

German Corn Remover

Kills Corns and Bunions. Beware of the many poor imitations. Ask for German Corn Remover and take no other. It has no equal. 25 CENTS.

THE REVIVUM is the ONLY LOW PRICED preparation for restoring Gray Hair to its original color. It is certain and superior in effect to any other preparation, and is an agreeable Hair Dressing. Put up in bottles of good size, and sold by Druggists everywhere at only 50 cts.

HYATT'S

INFALLIBLE

LIFE BALSAM

FOR THE BLOOD.

An Old and Renowned Medicine.

When all other means have failed, experience has proved that this wonderful preparation has wrought more astonishing cures of scrofula and kindred diseases, however bad, than any other remedy on earth. IT SEARCHES THROUGH THE BLOOD, cleanses it from all humors, and enriches it to a condition of perfect health. In the treatment of any humor of the skin its operation is greatly aided by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap, as an abluent for the poisons of the blood as they come to the surface. The genuine HYATT'S LIFE BALSAM is prepared only at the Laboratory, 115 Fulton Street, New York, and is sold by all Druggists.

—SEND FOR PAMPHLET.—

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

Congress is flooded with petitions for the free manufacture of oilymargarine, on the ground that any tax, fine or restraint imposed upon the stuff will make real butter too expensive for the poor man. It is only a wonder that Congress isn't petitioned to repeal all the laws against the manufacture and circulation of counterfeit money, for the reason that the competition of the cheap counterfeit would make real money cheaper for the poor man. In these days, every time a demagogue or any other kind of rascal thinks of a new swindle, he advertises it in the name of "the poor man." The poor man needs to go a-gunning after the fellows who are taking his name in vain.

Now, what I enjoy more than anything else in a Russian novel is something beside, and that great charm consists in the infinity of names borne by each character as his private baggage, and the flattering assumption on the part of the translator that his reader is perfectly familiar with all the pet variations and diminutives of every name in the land of the vitchski. Yesterday I became deeply interested, in one chapter, in the conduct and actions of a whole roomful of people. "The Prince crossed the room abruptly and stood looking out of the window. 'He does not see me,' thought Paulovna. 'Well,' said Bolkonski, abruptly: 'at least one may have an opinion.' A moment of silence, and Mikhailovna sighed piteously. 'Ah me,' muttered Droubitzko: 'if this business were only well over.' 'But how?' queried Vladimirovitch, impatiently. Another pause, and Besoukhov figeted nervously with his eye-glasses. 'I cannot endure this!' exclaimed Nesvitsky, and with this exclamation Koutozow turned away from the window, and left the room empty and deserted." That lonely beggar had been standing at the window talking to himself all the time.

"I have written six operas, all tragic and full of sublime situations," said Loudpedal, sadly: "but my notes do not seem to be negotiable."

"That's because they're forged," replied the manager: "this foundry music isn't very popular just now. Write some short-time notes, something that will last thirty days only, and just see how they'll go."



BACK FROM THE HONEYMOON.

MRS. CLEVELAND.—The first thing I'm going to do, dear, is to send for some Sapolio. The papers talk about beauty and brightness in the White House, and say that this will be a shining administration. Now, how can that be unless we use Sapolio?

CLEVELAND.—Very true, and you're right about Sapolio. Dan's folks use it; indeed, I rather think Dan takes a little rub of it himself—he's so awfully bright. Get plenty of it.

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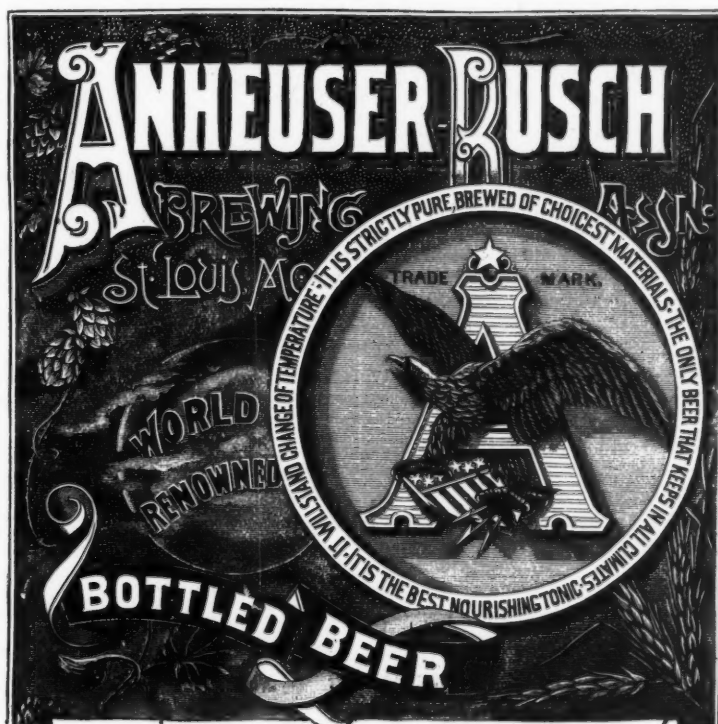
Chaplain.—This is your third term in this prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here?

Abashed Convict.—Indeed, I am. The prison is disgraceful. The reception-room smells like a bar-room, the cells are dark as caves, the warden is no gentleman, and the table is not fit to sit down to. Ashamed to have my friends come here? I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

807

America's Favorite



Lager Beer

436

Arnold,
Constable & Co.
REDUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

Are offering the balance of this season's importation of FANCY DRESS GOODS, BROCHE ZEPHYRS AND LINEN LAWNs at a reduction of 50 PER CENT. below former prices.

This is a rare opportunity to purchase seasonable goods at GENUINE BARGAINS.

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